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OR
POLITE REPOSITORY

OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

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The following story, founded on fact, will, no doubt, gratify the taste of many readers of the Repository; it has been published under the auspices of the muses in a pamphlet entitled *OUABI*, by a lady of Boston, the productions of whose pen have long been admired by the amateurs of female genius, and American literature:—probably, those who have not been gratified with the soft flowing strains of *PHILENIA*'s lyre in that elegant poem, will be highly pleased with it in its present form.

Phil. Repos.

AZAKIA:

A CANADIAN STORY.

THE ancient inhabitants of Canada were, strictly speaking, all savages. Nothing proves this better than the destiny of some Frenchmen, who first arrived in this part of the world. They were eaten by the people whom they pretended to humanize and polish.

New attempts were more successful. The savages were driven into the inner parts of the continent; treaties of peace, always ill observed, were concluded with them; but the French found means to create in them wants, which made their yoke necessary to them. Their brandy and tobacco easily effected what their arms might have operated with

great difficulty. Confidence soon became mutual, and the forests of Canada were frequented with as much freedom by new inmates, as by the natives.

These forests were often also resorted to by the married and unmarried savage women, whom the meeting of a Frenchman put into no terrors. All these women, for the most part, are handsome, and certainly their beauty owes nothing to the embellishment of art:—much less has it any influence on their conduct. Their character is naturally mild and flexible, their humour gay; they laugh in the most agreeable and winning manner. They have a strong propensity to love; a propensity, which a maiden in this country may yield to, and always indulges without scruple, and without fearing the least reproach. It is not so with a married woman; she must be entirely devoted to him she has married; and what is not less worthy of notice, she punctually fulfils this duty.

An heroine of this class, and who was born among the Hurons, one day happened to wander in a forest that lay contiguous to the ground they inhabited. She was surprised by a French soldier, who did not trouble himself to

enquire, whether she was a wife or a maiden. Besides he found himself little disposed to respect the right of a Huron husband. The shrieks of the young savage, in defending herself, brought to the same place, the baron of St. Castins, an officer in the troops of Canada. He had no difficulty to oblige the soldier to depart; but the person he had so opportunely saved, had so many engaging charms, that the soldier appeared excusable to him. Being himself tempted to sue for the reward of the good office he had just rendered, he pleaded his cause in a more gentle and insinuating manner than the soldier, but did not succeed better. "The friend that is before my eyes, hinders my seeing thee," said the Huron woman to him. This is the savage phrase, for expressing that a woman has a husband, and that she cannot be wanting in fidelity to him. This phrase is not a vain form; it contains a peremptory refusal; it is common to all the women of those barbarous nations; and its force, the neighbourhood of the Europeans, and their example, were never able to diminish.

St. Castins, to whom the language and customs of the Hurons were familiar, saw immediately that he must drop all pretensions; and this persuasion recalled all his generosity. He therefore made no other advances, than to accompany the beautiful savage, whom chance alone had directed into the wood, and who was afraid of new rencountres. As they passed on he received all possible marks of gratitude, except that which he at first requested.

Some time after, St. Castins, being insulted by a brother officer, killed him in a duel. This officer was nephew to the general governor of the colony, and the governor was as absolute as vindic-

tive. St. Castins had no other resource than to betake himself to flight. It was presumed that he had retired among the English of New-York; which, indeed, was very probable; but, persuaded that he should find an equally safe asylum among the Hurons, he gave them the preference.

The desire of again seeing Azakia, which was the name of the savage he had rescued, contributed greatly to determine him in that choice. She knew immediately her deliverer. Nothing could equal her joy at this unexpected visit, and she declared it as ingenuously, as before she had resisted his attacks. The savage, whose wife she was, and whose name was Ouabi, gave St. Castins the same reception, who acquainted him of the motive of his flight.—"May the Great Spirit be praised for having brought thee among us," replied the Huron! "This body," added he laying his hand on his bosom, "will serve thee as a shelter for defence, and this head-breaking hatchet will put to flight or strike dead thy enemies. My hut shall be thine; thou shalt always see the bright star of the day appear and leave us, without any thing being wanting to thee, or any thing being able to hurt thee."

St. Castins declared to him, that he absolutely desired to live as they did, that is, to bear a part in their labours and their wars; to abide by their customs; in short, to become a Huron; a resolution which redoubled Ouabi's joy. The savage held the first rank among his people.—he was their grand chief—a dignity which his courage and services had merited for him. There were other chiefs under him, and he offered one of the places to St. Castins, who accepted the rank only of a private warrior.

The Hurons were then at war with

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the Iroquios, and were intent on forming some enterprise against them. St. Castins would fain make one in the expedition, and fought as a true Huron: but was dangerously wounded. He was brought back with great difficulty to Ouabi's house, on a kind of litter. At this sight, Azakia appeared overwhelmed with grief; but instead of vain lamentation, she exerted all possible care and assiduity to be of service to him. Though she had several slaves at command, she depended only on herself, for what might contribute to the relief of her guest. Her activity equalled her solicitude. One would have said, that it was a lover watching over the precious life of her beloved. Few could help drawing the most flattering conclusions on such an occasion; and this was what St. Castins did. His desires and hopes revived with his strength. One only point disconcerted his views, which was the services and attention of Ouabi. Could he deceive him without adding ingratitude to perfidy? "But," said St. Castins arguing the case with himself, "the good natured Ouabi is but a savage, and he cannot be so scrupulous herein, as many of our good folks in Europe." This reason which was no reason in fact, appeared very solid to the amorous Frenchman. He renewed his tender advances, and was surprised to meet with new refusals. Stop! Celario," which was the savage name that was given to St. Castins; "stop," said Azakia to him; the shivers of the rod, which I have broken with Ouabi, have not yet been reduced to ashes. A part remains still in his power and another in mine. As long as they last I am his, and cannot be thine." These words, spoken in a peremptory manner, quite disconcerted St. Castins. He dared not insist upon the matter further, and fell into a melancholy reverie. Azakia was deeply affected by it. "What

can I do?" said she to him; "I cannot become thy companion, but by ceasing to be the companion of Ouabi; and I cannot quit Ouabi, without causing in him the same sorrow thou feelest in thyself—Answer me has he deserved it?" —"No!" cried out Celario, "no! he deserves to be entirely preferred before me; but I must abandon his dwelling. It is only by ceasing to see Azakia, that I can cease to be ungrateful to Ouabi."

These words chilled with paleness the young savage's face; her tears flowed almost at the same instant, and she did not endeavour to conceal them. "Ah! ungrateful Celario!" cried she, with sobs, and pressing his hands between her own; "is it true, ungrateful Celario! that thou hast a mind to quit those, to whom thou art more dear than the light of the bright star of the day? Is any thing wanting to thee? Dost thou not see me continually by thy side, as the slave that wants but the beck to obey? Why wilt thou have Azakia die of grief? Thou canst not leave her, without taking with thee her soul: it is thine, as her body is Ouabi's." The entrance of Ouabi stopped the answer of St. Castins—Azakia still continued weeping, without restraining herself, without even hiding for a moment the cause. "Friend," said she to the Huron, "thou still seest Celario; thou mayest speak to and hear him; but he will soon disappear from before thine eyes: he is going to seek after other friends."—"Other friends," cried the savage, almost as much alarmed as Azakia herself; "and what, dear Celario, what induces thee to tear thyself from our arms?—Hast thou received here any injury, and damage? Answer me: thou knowest my authority in these parts. I swear to thee, by the Great Spirit, that thou shalt be satisfied and revenged."

To be concluded next week,

VINDICATION OF THE TONGUES OF WOMEN.

From Smellie's History of Natural Philosophy.

One very singular observation remains to be made. Contrary to what almost universally takes place in the human species, the females of the inferior animals are not so loquacious as the males. This remarkable difference, if we scrutinize impartially the intentions of nature, will be found, like all her other intentions, to be productive of the wisest and most beneficent purposes. Among those brute animals who pair or marry by mutual selection, and particularly almost the whole of the feathered tribes, when not corrupted by domestication, the language of the males is more extensive and more frequently repeated, than that of the females. It is for this reason, that, in purchasing singing birds, great attention is paid to those characters which distinguish the males from the females, the latter being considered as comparatively mute and useless. When the female thrush, or blackbird, is brooding over her eggs, the male sits upon a neighbouring tree; and when no danger appears, he tells her, in melodious and encouraging strains, not to be afraid, because he is keeping the strictest watch. But when he perceives the too near approach of man, of birds of prey, or of any other rapacious animals, he instantly changes his addresses to her. Instead of his former soothing notes, he flies from branch to branch, or from tree to tree, uttering dismal alarming, and harsh cries. In this manner he tells her to beware of the enemy. When the danger is greatly increased, by a still nearer approach, the male again changes his language, he then by quick and precipitate sounds, commands her to fly, and

to save herself even in preference to her eggs or her defenceless brood.

Here the intentions of nature, as well as the necessity of a varied, though limited language, are evident both to our ears and eyes; for on such occasions, the sounds are uniformly accompanied with the most expressive gestures. When boys are about to carry off a nest of young birds, both parents, notwithstanding their natural dread of man, which is too often augmented by cruelty, make a much nearer approach than at any other time. Their almost invincible attachment to their offspring seems, in a great measure, to deprive them of the principle of self-preservation. Their cries are low, mournful, and not unfrequently resemble those uttered by human beings when placed in similar circumstances. But when despair removes all hope, another change of language is exhibited. Both parents then fly round the assailant, screaming and uttering threatening cries; and sometimes they even attempt to repel the spoiler.

When a boy, I carried off a nest of young sparrows about a mile from my place of residence. After the nest was completely removed, and while I was marching home with them in triumph, I perceived, with some degree of astonishment, both parents following me, at some distance, and observing my motions in perfect silence. A thought then struck me, that they might follow me home, and feed the young according to their usual manner. When just entering the door I held up the nest, and made the young utter the cry which is expressive of food. I immediately put the nest and the young in the corner of a wire-case, and placed it on the outside of a window. I chose a situation in the room, where I could per-

ceive all that should happen, without myself being seen. The young animals soon cried for food. In a short time both parents, who understood the language as well as the peculiar voices of their mutual offspring, having their bills filled with caterpillars, resorted to the cage, and after chattering a little, as we would do with a friend through the lattice of a prison, gave a small worm to each individual. This parental intercourse continued regularly for some time, till the young were completely fledged, and had acquired a considerable degree of strength. I then took one of the strongest of them, and placed him on the outside of the cage in order to observe the conduct of the parents after one of their offspring was emancipated. In a few minutes, both parents arrived, loaded, as usual, with food. They no sooner perceived that one of their children had escaped from prison, than they fluttered about and made a thousand noisy demonstrations of joy both with their wings and their voices. These tumultuous expressions of unexpected happiness at last gave place to a more calm and soothing conversation. By their voices and their movements, it was evident that they earnestly entreated him to follow them and to fly from his present dangerous state. He seemed to be impatient to obey their mandates, but by his gestures and the feeble sounds he uttered, he plainly told them that he was afraid to try an exertion he had never before attempted. They, however, incessantly repeated their solicitations; by flying alternately from the cage to a neighbouring chimney top, they endeavoured to shew him how easy the journey was to be accomplished. He at last committed himself to the air, and landed in safety. Upon his arrival, another scene of clamorous and active joy was exhibited. Next

day, I repeated the same experiment by exposing another of the young on the top of the cage. I observed the same conduct with regard to the remainder of the brood, which consisted of four. I need hardly add, that not one, either of the parents or children, ever after revisited the execrated cage."

We have already seen, and every body knows that, in general, the males of the inferior animals are more loquacious than the females. But, in the human species, it is likewise an unquestionable fact, that the females are much more talkative than the males. It is even remarkable, that female children, though of the same family, and receiving the same instructions and example, acquire the faculty of speaking one year, and sometimes two, sooner than the males.

We shall now endeavour to investigate the intentions of nature in creating such a marked distinction.

In all ages, and in all the regions of the earth, the early education and management of children have necessarily devolved upon the mothers. For this important task, they are much better qualified, both in the structure of their bodies, and in the dispositions of their minds, than the males. The connexion between the mother and child begins long before it becomes an object of attention to the father. By a thousand circumstances, which mothers only know, and sometimes attempt, though obscurely, to describe, they contract an affection for a still invisible being. After the child is ushered into the world, the curiosity, and the sympathetic joy of the father, are excited. He, accordingly, exerts himself to render the condition both of the mother and child as happy as possible. To support the child with a mild, but nutritive food, secreted from the blood and other juices

of the mother, nature has provided her with a wonderfully complicated system of vessels, or lacteal pipes, which all terminate in the nipples of her breast. To these nipples the infants instinctively apply their mouths, and, by suction, create a vacuum. The pressure of the external air upon the breast, or collection of tubes filled with milk, forces them to discharge their contents into the mouth of the child, who continues to swallow it till its stomach is satisfied. During this tender and precarious state of existence, the anxious and persevering attention of the mother makes her cheerfully endure many toils and hardships under which she would often sink, were she not, on such occasions, almost preternaturally supported by mere strength of affection.

After the child has arrived at the age of two or three months, and, in strong and healthy children, much earlier, or as soon as it is capable of giving a transient attention, to particular objects, then the exertions of the mother are almost perpetual.—Her sole object is to please by little amusements, which she endeavours to accommodate to the weak, but gradually augmented capacity of the infant. The chief instruments which she addresses are the eyes and ears.—To the eye she presents shining or luminous objects, with which children are very early delighted: and at the same time, repeatedly mentions the names of the particular objects. Thus by habit, the natural volubility of female tongues is greatly improved. I have often been amazed at the dexterity and quickness of mothers and nurses, when endeavouring to please fretful children. They hurry the child from object to object, in order to discover if any of them arrest its eye. If this attempt does not succeed, they have recourse to other expedients. The

ears of all infants are delighted with any loud noise. The mother, who wishes to appease the fretfulness, or even to keep up the spirit and cheerfulness of the child, tosses it about in her arms, sings, and talks alternately; and, on such occasions, it is astonishing to observe the quickness of her transitions from one species of incomprehensible jargon to another. Still, however, she goes on either rattling with her tongue, or making a rattling noise on tables, chairs, &c. A person who had never attended to these scenes which are so often exhibited by a sprightly mother and a sprightly child, would be apt to conclude, that both were proper inmates for a bedlam.—These are well known to be universal facts; and we shall now endeavour to show their utility.

Is is a very ancient adage, that 'Nature does nothing in vain.' To women she has given the talent of talking more frequently, as well as more fluently, than men; she has likewise endowed them with a greater quantity of animation, or what is commonly called animal spirits. Why, it may be asked, has nature, in this article, so eminently distinguished women from men? For the best and wisest of purposes. The principal destination of all women is to be mothers; hence some qualities peculiar to such a destination must necessarily have been bestowed upon them. These qualities are numerous: a superior degree of patience, of affection, of minute, but useful attention, joined to a family of almost incessant speaking.

Here, however, I must confine my observations to the last conspicuous and eminent accomplishment. To be occupied with laborious offices, which demand either bodily or mental exertions, and not unfrequently both, is allotted to the men. These causes, beside their

comparative natural taciturnity, totally incapacitates them for that loquacity which is requisite for amusing and teaching young children to speak. But the employments of women are of a more domestic kind: household affairs, and particularly the nursing and training of children, are fully sufficient to engross their attention, and to call forth all their ingenuity and active powers.—The loquacity of women is too often considered, by poets, historians, and by unthinking men, as a reproach upon the sex. Men of this description know not what they say. When they blame women for speaking much, they blame nature for one of her wisest institutions. Women speak much. They ought to speak much: and when they do so, they are complying religiously with one of her most sacred and useful laws. It may be said that *some men* talk as much as women:—granted. But beings of this kind I deny to be *men*. Nature seems to have originally made them to be *women*: but, by some cross-accident, as happens in the production of *monsters*, the external *male form* has been superinduced upon a *female stock*!

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

REFLECTIONS

On the death of a CANARY BIRD who lived to the advanced age of 14 years.

To-morrow shall the traveller come;
He that saw me in my beauty shall come;
He shall search the well known place,
But he shall not find me. OSSIAN.

Alas poor Richard! thou art lowly laid: the melody of thy voice has ceas'd, and thy well tun'd note is silent. When parting from thee only for a short time, did I not take an affectionate farewell, and bid thee live till I returned: But alas old age and infirmities gave but little promise of a much longer pilgrimage among us. I placed thee

in trusty hands, and gave them charges concerning thee: I left thee well, but, oh! how changed on my return. Sad and unseemly was the sight to see thy brethren of the feathered race tuning their little throats as gaily as ever, entirely unconscious that the oldest and most venerable among them was laid low.—I was sincerely sorry for thy death, but I was pleased to find, they to whose care I had entrusted thee had rightly considered the respect that was due to thee.—The semblance of a shroud cover'd thy form, and in a corner of the garden thy little limbs found repose: the rising turf and the head stone plainly evinc'd to every eye that some favorite was interred there. I sought the spot and found it, accompanied with sadening thoughts (many would no doubt think the head weak and the heart trifling, and smile at the idea of so small an object for their tears, but trifles when connected with things of greater importance may affect the heart, and we may weep without being reproached: we may even shed unfeign'd tears over the grave of a bird): It was not only the contemplation of thee, but the memory of, "by gone years" intruded on my mind. The guardian of my youth was the protector of thy infancy. He loved the tuneful warblers of thy race, and prized thee as one among the greatest. He too is laid low, and like thee, mould'ring to dust. In memory of him full many a year have I carefully watch'd and tended thee, and in memory of him, the ground where thou repositest shall be jealousy guarded, and never be disturbed until time shall convince that thou art crumbled to ashes.

ELLA.

In the morning, think on what you are to do in the day, and at night think on what you have done.

LETTER FROM WALLAWASHECAH, AN
INDIAN CHIEF, TO HIS PEOPLE.

IN my last letter I gave you an account of my journey, from our happy and favoured country, to this land of barbarians. I found the whites in a most deplorable state of ignorance.—Very few knew any thing about the art of hunting, and none pursue it for a livelihood!—Strange as it may seem, it is a fact that white men are almost entirely ignorant of the use of the bow! I expect to establish a school for the purpose of instructing them in archery. This ignorance of the civilized arts, I presume, is owing to their devoting their attention to such useless labours as building fine houses; making fine clothes; and labouring perpetually upon the earth, making books, &c. all which is labour and time spent for unnecessary purposes. They think nothing of spending whole weeks to make a soft bed to lie on, instead of using a bear skin. I intend to make an engagement to supply these destitute and unfortunate creatures with several thousand bear and buffalo skins. They will often spend the wealth which it has cost them thirty years to accumulate, merely to make a fine house to live in! The reason of this folly is totally unaccountable, and still more astonishing, because they do not seem ignorant of the art of making tents or even wigwams. Their mode of living is very extravagant in every respect. Their tables are loaded with a great variety of meats and herbs; but they are either bad of themselves or spoiled in cooking. They have obtained the art of making hominy from some of our people, but they are destitute of all the other luxuries of our nation. They all seem to be very sickly, and for that reason take physick during and after dinner; when they drink the physick they bow to one another and say “your health sir,”—

which means may your physick make you well.—I believe it operates as a puke generally, and thereby, I suppose, cleans their stomachs. The intercourse of the whites with the Indians has been of great advantage to them. They have copied several of our arts, and in several particulars adopted our manners, especially the ladies. Our mode of dress is adopted by the women, with some little alteration; like us, they go partly naked, but not so much so as ourselves, owing, I suppose to the rage for surrounding themselves with fantastick finery. They also paint in imitation of us, but with less taste. We put a greater quantity of colours on our faces than the white women, who use only red and white.

The women have also imitated our practice in wearing feathers in their caps; trinkets on their arms and necks; and rings in their ears. What is very curious, is, that they wear none in their nose, where they can be more easily worn, and where they appear most conspicuous. This, no doubt, is owing to a practice they have of taking snuff, or tobacco powder. A ring in the nose would be very much in the way of these snuff takers. It may, also, be partly owing to another practice which prevails among the whites, namely, the practice of kissing, or joining mouths together. A ring in the nose would be somewhat in the way of that operation; besides, the white women, unlike our squaws, are incessant talkers, and a ring in the nose might in some degree obstruct the motion of the upper lip, and probably blister it by perpetual rubbing.

You will scarcely believe me, when I assure you that the men are in a state of the most abject and pitiable slavery to the women. They make the men work like brutes for them, while they are perfectly idle, or only engaged in

some frivolous and expensive amusement. The men wait on the women like slaves; help them at table; support them as they walk the streets; fan them like a servant boy; fetch them water; help them in and out of a carriage; and it is said that they have often gone so far as to lay their coats in a puddle for a lady to walk over on. In short, they perform every menial service which the women require of them. I will do every thing in my power to ameliorate the condition of these wretched barbarians, and have a strong notion to have some of my warriors sent on to learn them the use of the bow and instruct them in the art of hunting; making wigwams, mockasons, breech clouts, &c. We have great reason, my children, to rejoice at our situation, when we compare it with the state of these barbarians. Let us be thankful to the Great Spirit who has cast our lots in a land of civilization, happiness and freedom. The Great Spirit bless you.

WALLAWASHECAH.

N. B.—Order my squaw to provide an abundance of Kinikiek and dried corn for next winter, and to make me a shot-pouch of beaver skin. Also direct her to make me plenty of mockasons and leggins for the winter. Also, to keep my youngest paupouse stretched upon a board a month longer, as I wish him to be as straight and handsome a warrior as possible.—*N. Y. Courier.*

THE DESERTER.

THIS is a tale of private distress, related with a pathetic simplicity, which cannot but give it power over every heart.

A Spanish soldier having returned from foreign service with some honorary distinction for his gallant behaviour, married a village beauty to whom he had been tenderly attached before he left

his country. But in less than a week, the soldier was again called to the field; his bride, notwithstanding his tender persuasions to the contrary determined to follow the army, that she might be near him, to share his fortune and succour him in distress. Her zeal however was more than her strength; she fell sick with fatigue, and was left at the distance of about a league from the hill where the troops encamped. The commander to prevent his men from injuring the neighbouring peasants by robbing their vineyards, drew a line round the camp and proclaimed that whoever passed it should suffer as a deserter. Three days now passed since the husband had heard of his wife.

For me her native home, he said,
For me each weeping friend:
For me a father's arms she fled,
And shall not love attend?
Now, now she weeps at my delay,
And shall neglect be mine,
Submit ye fears to pity's sway!
He said, and cross'd the line.

As he returned at midnight, he was seized, condemned and executed the next day! just as he fell, the wife breathless and pale rushed through the crowd, and lifting up the cloth that had been thrown over him, found the body so disfigured by the shot that it could scarce be known.

Is this, Oh blasting view, she cry'd,
The youth who lov'd too well?
His love for me the law defy'd,
And for that love he fell.

When will the grave this form receive!
The grave to which he's fled,
There, only there, I'll cease to grieve,
She spoke and joined the dead.

CURIOUS AND WONDERFUL FACT.

The twenty-four letters of the alphabet are capable of being joined, or combined, as many different ways as are expressed by the following figures 5,352,616, 738,497,664,000.

VARIETY.

ASTONISHING CALCULATION IN PRINTING.

It appears by a calculation made by the printer of Steven's edition of Shakespeare, that every octavo page of that work, (text and notes,) contains two thousand six hundred and eighty distinct pieces of metal; which, in a sheet, amount to forty-two thousand eight hundred and eighty; the misplacing of any one of which would infallibly cause a blunder. With this curious fact before our eyes, surely the accurate state of our printing, in general, is to be admired; and our errata ought more freely to be pardoned, than the fastidious minuteness of certain critics allows.

THE DISCOVERY OF PURPLE.

The Dying of Purple was first invented at Tyre, and by a mere accident.—A dog having seized a fish, called Conchilis, or Purpura, stained his lips with that delightful colour, which led to the discovery; and it soon became the richest and most valued colour, by persons of the first quality, and will probably ever continue in the highest estimation.

Anecdote of an Algerine Captain, exhibiting a pleasing instance of strict Friendship.

During the bombardment of Algiers, by the marquis du Quesne, the inhabitants carried their cruelty to such a pitch, as to tie the French prisoners alive to the mouth of their cannon. A French officer, named Choisseul, and friend to an Algerine captain, was bound to the mouth of a cannon, when the captain being present, soon recognized him. He instantly solicited his friend's pardon; but not being able to obtain it, he darted upon the executioners, and three times rescued Choisseul. At length, finding all his efforts useless, he

fastened himself to the mouth of the same cannon, entangled himself in Choisseul's chains, tenderly and closely, embraced him, and addressed the cannonier in these words: "Fire, for as I cannot save my friend and benefactor, I will die with him." The Dey, who witnessed this shocking sight, passed many eulogiums upon the generosity of his subject, and exempted Choisseul from death.

COUNTER EMIGRATION.

The uncommon movement this season among the squirrels from the north and West towards the east, gave rise to the following article, which is taken from a northern paper, printed in this state the 26th of last month.

COUNTER EMIGRATION.

While the great and continued emigration of inhabitants from East to West, is considered as extraordinary, we look upon the late movement of the *Squirrels* in this quarter with far greater surprise. They commenced their journey six or eight days ago, directing their course eastward, and numbers are daily seen crossing the river a few miles above this village. None are seen swimming from the eastern bank.—The rapidity with which our village (four years ago a wilderness!) and the adjacent country have been settled, and the consequent destruction of thousands of the habitations of these *old settlers*, has probably created alarm, and induced them to seek an asylum far from the haunts of intrusive man, and the sound of the axe.—But, poor creatures! in going East, you are as unfortunate as the disheartened *new settlers* who, sighing to behold again the *stumpless* land of his forefathers in the Eastern States, takes a "notion" to go back again!—you are, to quote an old adage, "getting out of the frying pan into the fire."—*Rochester, (Gen. Co.) pap.*

MARY WILKINSON.

(From a London paper.)

Lately died at Romald-Kirk, Mary Wilkinson, aged 109 years. When young, and in perfect health, she walked several times to London, commonly in four days, though the distance is about 200 miles. When at the age of ninety, she was desirous of seeing London again; and buckling a keg of gin, and a sufficiency of provisions on her back, to support her to the end of her journey, she left Romald-Kirk, and reached London, in five days and three hours. An instance of vigorous age not to be equalled by the boasted Pedestrians of the present day. She lived to see four kings reign, and is interred in a stately tomb, erected at the expence of the inhabitants of Romald-Kirk, who revered and esteemed her. The following Epitaph is inscribed on her Monument:

Good God! who lies here?

'Tis I—Mary Wilkinson, that loved good Beer.

Look, gentle reader, as thou goest by,
One hundred and nine years, in this small
compass doth lie;

Who, when alive did many noble sights see,
And now in this small compass confin'd I
must be!

I, in my youthful days have gone through a
vast—

But alas! I, poor soul, am doom'd to the
grave at last,

To the great satisfaction of friends and re-
lations,

Whose wish was that I had departed before
to their inclinations.

An itinerant preacher who rambled quite as much in his sermons as in his travels, on being requested to keep to his text, replied, "that scattering shot would hit the most birds."

A sailor having a mind for a ride, and being unacquainted with a horse' rig-

ging, as he termed it, was very busy in harnessing his nag, when he happened to place the saddle on the contrary way. A person near him observed his mistake, when Jack, looking steadfastly at him, and giving his quid a twist or two in his mouth, said, "How do you know *which way* I am going to ride?"

On an inquest lately taken on the body of a soldier, who had cut his throat, a poor fellow, the companion of the deceased, was examined, touching the evident signs of lunacy, betrayed by the deceased, previous to his committing the horrid act, when, after speaking of him as an honest, sober person, &c. solemnly declared on his oath, "*he never knew him guilty of such an act before in his life.*"

A HOAX.

The following definition has been given of a *hoaxer*; "A *knave*, who tells you something which is not incredible; and who, perhaps, has never given you cause to doubt what he says, merely because he tells it to you, and who afterwards laughs at you for being a *fool*, because you did not believe him to be a *liar*."

AFTER MARRIAGE.

There is a *gaiety*, and even *levity*, in courtship, and at the commencement of the marriage union, which, though of use to entice into that state of life, are neither intended or fit to accompany it any farther. When these allurements, therefore, have answered their end, Providence has wisely contrived to abate this redundancy of spirit, and bring the young couple back again to that situation of sober joy, personal feeling, and relative affection, which is destined to continue through life as the general lot of humanity.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

THE TYE-WIG.

Lines on an old Dotard, who had cut away
the Blossoms of *Sixty Eight*, and upwards,
to put on a fashionable TYE-WIG.

THOUGH now you *seem* to look so gay,
I think I hear the Tye-Wig say,
"You might have worn *me* in your youth,
Or even a Tye-Wig more uncouth,
When blood ran brisk, and Fancy said
JACOB! assist the barber's trade."——

This foppish wig will not recall
The days of youth, your vernal prime,
When months and years were cheery, all,
And *Nature*, in her summer time,
Thus sung to all who chose to hear,
My Summer lasts not all the year.

As summer gives to Autumn place,
As *fair* succeeds to *rain*,
So we retire—another race
Comes laughing o'er the plain:
Well!—let them jest, and laugh and play;
We had our turn, and so have they.

Such wigs, with pleasure, some might view
When *five* and *twenty* was in bloom;
But what are wigs, like this, to you,
Now lingering near the silent tomb?—
Such wigs become not *sixty eight*,
Grey hairs would better suit your pate.

It hides no wrinkles in your face,
Your tottering step it can't conceal;
In every step old age we trace,
That sees you travelling down the hill:—
Then throw this boyish wig away
And wear again your head of grey.—

F.

FROM MOORE'S SACRED SONGS.

Go, let me weep! there's bliss in tears,
When he, who sheds them, only feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effac'd by ev'ry drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe
Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
While tears, that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalement reach the skies.

Leave me, to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind.
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.—

The warmest sigh, that pleasure heaves
is cold, is faint to those that swell
The heart, where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, lov'd too well!
Leave me to sigh o'er days that flew
More idly than the summer's wind,
And, while they pass'd, a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

HAIL! sacred Pity, hail! and deign to
lend
Thy sweetest influence to my mournful
lay.
Ye beauteous Loves and Graces too de-
scend,
And drop a tear to one who own'd thy
away.

How pale that charming form, that lovely
face,
Which lately shone with health and beau-
ty's bloom;
Those lips which once the vernal rose did
grace,
Are ting'd with mortal paleness in the
tomb.

Those piercing eyes, which kindled Cupid's
fire,
Or swell'd with pity's tear for others'
pain;
No more with potent beams shall cause de-
sire,
Or shed chaste love thro' ev'ry manly
vein.

The Sylvan choirs, now conscious of her
death,
Lament her loss in tender plaintive lays:
The blooming flow'rs withhold their frag-
rant breath,
And Heaven, in show'rs, kind sympathy
displays.

TO A LADY ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

CHOIRS seraphic, lend your fire,
While I strike the thrilling lyre,
To hail the natal day;
Which gave to earth's contracted space,
A female blest with heav'nly face,
And beauty's bland array.

Hail! lovely maid, what charms endu'd,
Which twenty summers have renew'd,
With graces, lovely, new;
What heart such beauty can withstand,
Which piercing all, must all command,
And ev'ry breast subdue.

Venus and Cupid gave thee charms,
In manly breasts to feed alarms,
And raise a tender flame :
Wisdom, prudence, Pallas gave,
From lawless passions thee to save,
And keep thy virgin fame.

Thus blest with life instructive light,
May you enjoy each sweet delight,
And bask in pleasure's ray ;
May you a tender partner find,
Who's ever pleasing, ever kind,
And will your love repay.

EPITAPH.

BYRON.

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul !
No lovelier spirit than thine
E'er burst from its mortal control,
In the orbs of the blessed to shine ;
On earth thou wert all but divine,
As thy soul shall immortally be,
And our sorrow may cease to repine,
When we know that thy God is with thee.
Light be the turf of thy tomb !
May its verdure like emeralds be !
There should not be shadow of gloom,
In aught that reminds us of thee :
Young flowers and an ever green tree
May grow on the spot of thy rest,
But nor cypress, nor yew let us see—
For why should we mourn for the blest ?

LINES

By Miss Lydia Huntly, of Norwich (Con.)
Addressed to a very interesting and intel-
ligent little girl, deprived of the faculties
of speech and hearing :—In consequence
of reading this question proposed to one
of Abbe Sicard's pupils :—*Are the deaf
and dumb unhappy ?*

Oh, could the kind enquirer gaze
Upon thy brow with feeling fraught,
Its smile, like inspiration's rays
Would give the answer to his thought.

And could he see thy sportive grace,
Soft blending with submission due,
And note thy bosom's tenderness
To every just emotion true.

And when the new idea glows
On the pure altar of thy mind,
Observe the exulting tear that flows
In silent extacy refin'd.

Thy active life,—thy look of bliss.—
The sparkling of thy magic eye,—
He would his sceptic doubts dismiss,
And lay his useless pity by ;

And bless the ear that ne'er has known
The voice of censure, pride, or art,
Or trembled at that sterner tone
That, while it tortures, chills the heart.
And bless the lip that ne'er can tell
Of human woes the vast amount,
Nor pour those idle words that swell
The terror of our last account.
For sure, the stream of silent course
May flow as deep, as pure, as blest,
As that which rolls in torrents hoarse,
Or murmurs o'er the mountain's breast.
As sweet a scene, as fair a shore,
As rich a soil, its tide may lave,
Then joyful and accepted pour
Its tribute to the mighty wave.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The rainbow's lovely in the eastern cloud :
The rose is beauteous on the bended
thorn :
Sweet is the evening ray from purple
shroud,
And sweet the orient blushes of the
morn ;
Sweeter than all, the beauties which
adorn
The female form in youth and maiden
bloom !
Oh why should passion ever man suborn
To work the sweetest flower of nature's
doom,
And cast o'er all her joys a veil of cheer-
less gloom !
Oh fragile flower ! that blossoms but to
fade !
One slip recovery or recal defies !
Thou walk'st the dizzy verge with steps un-
staid,
Fair as the 'habitants of yonder skies !
Like them thou fall'st never more to rise !
Oh fragile flower ! for thee my heart's in
pain !
Happy a world is hid from mortal eyes,
Where thou may'st smile in purity again,
And shine in virgin bloom, that ever shall
remain.

A SONG.

Ye *gentil* 'squires, give over sighs,
To gain regard in ladies eyes,
And make them doat upon ye ;
For love has long been kick'd to door,
Because the little god is *poor*—
Who's welcome without money ?

Try, *gentil* sirs, a *Different* scheme ;
For truly 'tis an idle dream,
To woo with words and honey ;
Change (if you wish *their* hearts to fix)
Your hearts into a coach and six²
And coin your sighs to money !—FINDER.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1816.

Intelligence.

Paris papers to the 5th of Sept. and London dates to the 30th August have been received since our last: from which the following are taken:

A Paris paper of Aug. 31, says, "An American frigate and a brig of the same nation, attacked near Algiers five barbarian vessels. One of these vessels in which was a nephew of the Dey, was taken and exchanged for the tribute which a Neapolitan vessel was carrying to Algiers for the deliverance of slaves. The Neapolitan officer boarded the American vessel, the captain of which said to him in presence of the Dey's nephew, "presents only render those to whom they are offered more eager for more. It is an act of weakness to submit to make them. Honor alone gives liberty and independence: it avenges injuries. Return to Naples, and tell your master that a son of America has freed the Mediterranean from the yoke of the Barbarian powers."

The Princess of Wales, in her travel, assumes the costume of the people she visits; in Turkey she wore pantaloons and a turban.

The whole public attention in England, is fixed upon the distresses of the labouring classes, the expedition of Lord Exmouth, the health of the Prince Regent, and Divorce with the Princess of Wales.

Letters from Madrid, mentioned in a London paper, say, "the American Ambassador has proposed to abandon the claims of his government for seizures under Buonaparte's Decrees, on condition of West Florida being ceded by Spain to the U. States, but that Ferdinand's Ministers declined all negotiations on the subject."

The brother of a person convicted for murder in the county of Meath, Ireland, who was just about to be executed, got

introduced into the prison, and on pretence of going for a clergyman, 1st the criminal escape. He kept praying, &c. for a considerable time before the trick was discovered, when, being accosted by the jailor in a rage, "your brother has got off"—he affected surprise, and said "why then he has taken off my great coat!" He was detained and to be tried for a misdemeanor.

Major John Pinkerton has left, to each of the two Religious Societies in Londonderry, not far from 8,000 dollars, for the support of the Gospel; and 12,000 dollars as a fund to the Academy lately incorporated in that town by the name of Pinkerton Academy.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Oracle.*

A Tennessee article, under date of Sept. 26, says, "that Gen. Jackson, with the other commissioners, had completed the treaty with the different Indian tribes in a manner perhaps the best calculated to promote the general weal of the government, as well as to settle all existing animosities or differences between the different Indian nations as well as between them and the United States. For all lands lying between the mouth of Bear creek and Fort Deposit, on the north side of the Tennessee river, the commissioners for the United States have agreed to give \$80,000, payable in ten annual installments; and for the establishment of General Coffee's line with the possession of the land included therein, they have also agreed to give \$120,000 payable also in ten annual installments.

To journalists the public look for the developement of infamous transactions. Lately, a young man calling his name Joseph Southard, offered for sale to a merchant of this village, a cake of beeswax, weighing 16 pounds. Previous to paying the price demanded for it, the purchaser accidentally broke the cake and discovered nicely bedded therein a stone weighing 10 pounds. This attempt at deception comes not within the reach of the law, yet the person guilty of it richly merits punishment.—*Cooperstown Federalist.*

On Wednesday the 9th inst. some persons from Poughkeepsie having in their custody a man charged with stealing a horse, whom they had been in pursuit of, and apprehended in New-Haven, were returning through Danbury on their way home, stopped for the night in that town, and committed their prisoner to the jail for safe keeping. In the morning following, when about to proceed on their journey, the prisoner was found dead in his room, hanging suspended with his handkerchief from the grates of the window. His sleeves were stripped up near the shoulders, and both arms shockingly cut with a piece of glass bottle, with which it appeared he had endeavoured to destroy himself by bleeding, but finally effected the horrid deed by strangling, in which state he was found. The deceased was a man of respectable appearance, and very handsomely clad, but refused to make any disclosure of his name or place of residence.—*Conn. Courier.*

Importation of Corn from the W. I.

Messrs. Joseph Harris and Anson Brewster, of Hartford, Conn. have lately imported into the United States, in the schooner Anson, captain Horton, from the island of St. Domingo, thirteen hundred bushels of Indian corn, of an excellent quality. It was raised in that island the present year, and cost about 75 cents a bushel.

The Block House at Spermaciti Cove, (Sandy Hook) was entirely consumed by fire on Friday last. The Block House had been locked up for several months, and it is presumed, that it must have been set on fire, by the hand of an incendiary.—*Mer. Advertiser.*

On Thursday morning the Steward of the ship Annisquam was killed by the noxious gas produced from Charcoal, which had been set on fire the night previous for the destruction of rats. The deceased went into the cabin to sleep about 4 o'clock, where he was soon after discovered in great agony, and before medical aid could arrive expired.—*ib.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines by "ELLA," on a country visit, will appear next week.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the right rev. Bishop Hobart, Mr. William C Rhinelander, to Miss Rogers.

By the rev. Mr. Berrian, Mr. James Sergeant, to Miss Sarah Wood.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Martin Brett, Merchant, to Miss Susan Ann Milledoler, daughter of the rev. Dr. Milledoler, all of this city.

By the same, Mr. George W. Rogers, to Miss Maria King, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. How, Mr. Samuel D. Southmayd to Miss Mary Ogden, daughter of the late Lewis Ogden, esq.

By the rev. Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Samuel Hayward, merchant, to Miss Lucretia Suydam, both of this city.

OBITUARY.

The city inspector reports the death of 40 persons during the week ending on Saturday the 12th inst.

DIED.

Capt. Christian Hartell, aged 40.

Mr. James Phelan aged 21.

Mrs. Eleanor Oakley, wife of the rev. Jesse Oakley, in the 46th year of her age.

Miss Wade, aged 22.

Mr William Edwards.

Miss Elizabeth Egleston, aged 43.

John T. Bainbridge, esq.

Mr Henry Mead, aged 79.

Mr. Isaac Myers, aged 52.

Mrs. Martha Pasea, widow of the hon. John Pasea, of the island of Tortolo.

At Washington.—Col. Tobias Lear, accountant of the War Department. His private life was exemplary, and he had filled various public stations, under the successive administrations, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution, with deserved reputation. His death was sudden, by shooting himself in his garden, supposed in a fit of insanity.

In London, Miss Eleanor Saunders, aged 62, who put a period to her existence by hanging, in consequence of fright occasioned by a report that the spots on the sun indicated that the world would come to an end on the 18th July.

SINGULAR PRESERVATION OF ANIMAL
LIFE WITHOUT FOOD.

Extract of a letter from Thomas Mantell, Esq. F. R. S. to the Secretary of the Linnæan Society, London, containing an account of an extraordinary instance of the preservation of animal life, without food, in the case of a pig which was buried in its sty by the fall of a part of the chalk-cliff, under Dover Castle, on the 10th December, 1810.

"On the 23d of May, 160 days after the accident, I was told that some of the workmen employed in removing the fallen chalk had heard the whining of the pig; and although I had great doubt of the fact I encouraged them to proceed in clearing away the chalk from the sty, under the direction of the owner, Mr. Poole, who was present. I was soon afterwards surprised to see the pig alive extricated from its confinement.---His figure was extremely emaciated, having scarcely any muscles discernable, and its bristles were erect, though not stiff, but soft, clean and white. The animal was lively, walked well, and took food eagerly. At the time of the accident it was fat, and supposed to have weighed about 160 pounds, but it now weighed no more than 40 pounds. I am assured, that at the time of the fall there was neither food nor water in the sty, which is a cave about six feet square, dug in the rock and boarded in front; and the whole was covered about 30 feet deep, in the fallen chalk. The door and other wood in front of the sty, had been much nibbled, and the sides of the cave were very smooth, having apparently been constantly licked for the moisture exuding through the rock. There was no doubt some of the loose chalk had been eaten."

From the Catskill Recorder.

"GIVE ME THY HEART."

This exhortation or command, which may be understood as addressed to every one of the children of Adam individually, after implying that our hearts are alienated from God, authoritatively directs us to replace our affections upon that glorious object who alone is worthy to receive them. Let us listen with awe, for it is God himself that speaks. He who commanded, and the great work of creation was accomplished; He who formed proud man of the dust, and will bring him again to that dust out of which he was taken, commands us to give him our heart; to love him for what he is—to love him because he is altogether lovely. Whoever is thus united to him can say---"The Lord is my light and my salvation, my rock and my fortress: Though an host should encamp against me my heart shall not fear. If God be for me, who can be against me? Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." But where shall we flee for safety, if obnoxious to Him whose presence fills that universe which he created, and who, out of Christ, is a consuming fire? Children of men! the terms of salvation are easy---*give your hearts to God.* Do ye plead inability? on account of that very inability will the Judge condemn you; for it consists only in the *will*. Shall a criminal at an earthly tribunal plead his aversion to goodness and love of wickedness, to excuse his atrocities? Much less will that absurd plea avail us at the final bar. God has a right to our supreme affections, he is every way worthy of them, and the yielding up of them alone can afford us peace. Children of men! *give your hearts to God.*

Brief Scripture Remark.